ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

DEATH TO MALARIA.

WHAT BRINGS IT ABOUT IN ONE PLACE AT LEAST.

The Eucalyptus and the Sanitary Changes It Has Accomplished in the Roman Campagna.

One lovely morning last October we left our hotel hard by the Pantheon, and in a few minutes came to the Tiber. If we except the quaint and bright costumes of many classes of the people, and the ever-changing street scenes of Rome, there is nothing in the drive of very much interest until we reach the river. Here, looking back, we see the noble structure which crowns the Capitoline Hill. The fine building on the further bank of the river is the Hospital of St. Michele. On this side we are passing the small harbor of the steamboats which ply to Ostia. Presently, the *Marmorata*, or landing-place of the beautiful marble of Carrara, is reached. From here a drive of a few minutes brings us to the cypress-covered slope of the Protestant Cemetery, where, in the shadow of the pyramid of Cestius, lie the graves of Shelley and Keats. Apart from the interest attached to these two lowly tombs and the memories aroused by their touching epitaphs, no Englishman can visit this secluded spot and look without deep feeling upon the last resting-places of his countrymen, who have died so many hundred miles from home and friends. The cemetery is kept in order and neatness, and flowers grow upon nearly all the graves.

OUR ROUTE

Next lay along the base of that remarkable enigma the Monte Testaccio, a hill as high as the London Monument or the Vendome Column at Paris, made entirely of broken pots and tiles, as old perhaps as the time of Nero. Leaving behind this singular heap of earthenware, we thread long avenues of locust trees, and presently, passing through the gate of St. Paul, reach the magnificent basilica of that name. Nor can I pause here to dwell upon the marvels of this noble temple, or to tell of its glorious aisles and column-supported galleries; of its lake-like marble floor, or of the wealth of malachite, of lapis lazuli, or verde antique, of alabaster and of gold, that has been lavished upon the decoration of its shrine. I must stop, however, to note that nowhere has the presence of the dread malaria made itself so obvious to myself. We had scarcely entered the church when we became conscious of an odor which recalled at once the retort-house of a gas-works, the bilge-water on board ship and the atmosphere of a dissecting-room; and we were obliged to make a hasty retreat. There could be little doubt that the gaseous emanations which produced this intolerable odor were equally present in the Campagna outside, but that in the church they were pent up and concentrated. Even did space admit, this is not the place to enter into any prolonged dissertation on the history or causes of this

TERRIBLE SCOURGE

Of the Roman Campagna, the fever-producing malaria. The name expresses the unquestionable truth, that it is a gaseous emanation from the soil; and all that is certainly known about it may be summed up in a very few lines. The vast undulating plain known as the Campagna was ages ago overflowed by the sea, and owes its present aspect to volcanic agency. Of this the whole soil affords ample evidence. Not only are lava, peperino, and the volcanic pozzuolana abundant, but in many places—as at Bracciano and Baccano—are to be seen the remains of ancient craters. When the Campagna was in the earliest phase of its history, it was one fertile garden, interspersed with thriving towns and villages. It was also the theater of events which terminated in making Rome the mistress of the world. This very supremacy was the final cause of its ruin and of its present desolation. While the land remained in the possession of small holders every acre was assiduously tilled and drained; but when it passed into the hands of large landed proprietors, who held it from the mere lust of possession, it became uncared for and uncultivated.

A HORRID WASTE.

Filtering into a soil loaded with easily decomposed sulphur compounds, the decomposing vegetable matter finds no exit through the underlying rock. The consequences may be imagined, but, to those who have not experienced them, are not easily described. This once fertile land is now a horrid waste, untouched, except at rare intervals, by the hand of the farmer, and untenanted save by the herdsman. Even he, during the months of summer, when the malaria is at its worst, is compelled, if he will avoid the fever, to go with his flocks to the mountains. It may be mentioned, in passing, that the malaria-fever, or "Roman fever" as it has been called, has been the subject of recent investigation by Professor Tommassi-Crudelli, of Rome, who attributes it to the presence of an organism, to which the specific name of *Bacillus malariæ* has been given.

Leaving St. Paul's, we pursued for a short time the Ostian road; and at a poor *osteria*, where chestnuts, coarse bread and wine were the only obtainable refreshments, our route turned to the left, along a road powdered with the reddish dust of the pozzuolana—the mineral which forms the basis of the original "Roman cement"—large masses of which rock form the roadside fences. After a drive of perhaps half an hour, we found ourselves at the Monastery of Tre Fontane (three fountains). The Abbey of the Tre Fontane comprises within its precincts three churches, of which the earliest dates from the ninth century. One of these, San Paolo alle Tre Fontane, gives its name to the monastery. A monk, wearing the brown robe and sandals of the Trappist order, met us at the gate. The contrast now presented between the sterile semi-volcanic country around and the smiling oasis which faces us, is striking. Here are fields which have borne good grass; some sloping hills covered with vines; and, directly in the foreground, almost a forest of eucalypt-trees.

THE RESULT.

We have come to learn about eucalypts; and our guide takes quite kindly to the role of informant. What follows is derived from his *viva voce* teaching, from my own observation on the spot, and from a very interesting pamphlet, printed at Rome in 1879, and entitled "Culture de l'Eucalyptus aux Trois Fontanes," by M. Auguste Vallee.

Before the year 1868, the abbey was entirely deserted. It is true that a haggard-looking monk was to be found there, who acted as cicerone to visitors to the churches; but even he was obliged to sleep each night in Rome. The place attained so evil a reputation that it was locally known as "The Tomb." There are now twenty-nine Brothers attached to the monastry, all of whom sleep there each night. This remarkable result, though no doubt to a great extent due to the drainage and alteration of the character of the soil by cultivation, is unquestionably mainly owing to the planting of the eucalyptus. It would take long to tell of the heroic perseverance of these monks; of the frequent discouragements, of the labor interrupted by sickness, of the gaps made in their number by the fatal malaria, and the undaunted courage in overcoming obstacles which has culminated in the result now achieved. Let us pass to the consideration of

THE ACTUAL MEANS

By which so happy a change in their immediate surroundings has been brought about. At Tre Fontane are cultivated at least eleven varieties of eucalyptus. Some of these, as *E. viminalis* and *E. botryoides*, flourish best where the ground is naturally humid; *E. resinifera* and *E. meliodora* love best a drier soil. The variety *Globulus* (blue gum tree) possesses a happy adaptability to nearly any possible condition of growth. At the monastry, as in most elevated parts of the Campagna, the soil is of volcanic origin, and there is not much even of that; often only eight, and rarely more than sixteen inches overlying the compact *tufa*. But, with the aid of very simple machinery, the Trappists bore into the subsoil, blast it with dynamite, and find, in the admixture of its debris with the arable earth, the most suitable soil for the reception of the young plants.

The seeds are sown in autumn, in a mixture of ordinary garden-earth, the soil of the country, and a little thoroughly decomposed manure. This is done in wooden boxes, which, with the object of keeping the seeds damp, are lightly covered until germination has taken place. When the young plants have attained to about two inches, they are transferred to very small flower-pots, where they remain until the time arrives for their final transportation. The best time for this operation is in spring, because the seedlings have then quite eight months in which to gather strength against the winter cold. One precaution taken in planting is worth notice. Each plant is placed in a hole of like depth and diameter. In this way no individual rootlet is more favored than its fellow, and, as each absorbs its soil-nutriment equally, the regularity of growth and of the final form of the tree is assured.

A SPACE OF THREE FEET

Is left between each seedling; but so rapid is the growth, that in the following year it is found necessary to uproot nearly one-half of the plants, which finally find themselves at a distance from each other of about five feet. From this time much care is required in weeding and particularly in sheltering from the wind, for the stem of the eucalyptus is particularly fragile, and violent storms sometimes rage in the Campagna. The other great enemy of the tree is cold, and this offers an almost insurmountable obstacle to its successful culture in Great Britain. It seems to be well proved that most of the species will survive a winter in which the temperature does not fall lower than 23° Fahr. How fortunately circumstanced is the culture of the tree at Rome, may be learned from the fact that the mean lowest temperature registered at the observatory of the Roman College during the years 1863–74 was 22·48°. Once only in those years a cold of 20° was registered, and even that does not seem to have injured the plants; but when, in 1875, the minimum temperature fell to 16°, the result was the loss in a single night of nearly half the plantation of the year.

But when, as at Tre Fontane, the conditions of growth are on the whole favorable, the rapidity of that growth approaches the marvelous. The mean hight, for example, of three trees chosen for measurement by M. Vallee in 1879, was twenty-six feet, and the mean circumference twenty-eight inches. These trees had been planted in 1875, or in other words were little more than four years old. Other trees of eight years' growth were fifty feet high and nearly three feet in circumference at their largest part.

THESE FIGURES

Refer to *Eucalyptus globulus*, which certainly grows faster than the other species; and it must be remembered that in warmer climates the growth is even still more rapid. I have seen, for example, trees of *Eucalyptus resinifera* at Blidah in Algeria which at only five years old were already quite sixty feet high.

The question of how and why the eucalypts exercise sanitary changes so important as those which have been effected at this little oasis in the Campagna, may be best answered when two remarkable properties which characterize many of the species have been shortly considered. The first of these is the enormous quantity of water which the plant can absorb from the soil. It has been demonstrated that a square meter—which may roughly be taken as equal to a square yard—of the leaves of *Eucalyptus globulus* will exhale into the atmosphere, during twelve hours, four pints of water. Now, as this square meter of leaves—of course the calculation includes both surfaces—weighs two and three-quarter pounds, it will be easily seen that any given weight of eucalyptus leaves can transfer from the soil to the atmosphere nearly twice that weight of water. M. Vallee does not hesitate to say that under the full breeze and sunshine—which could necessarily form no factor in such accurate experiments as those conducted by him—the evaporation of water would be equal to four or five times the weight of the leaves.

ONE CEASES TO WONDER

At these figures, on learning that it has been found possible to count, on a square millimeter of the under surface of a single leaf of *Eucalyptus globulus*, no less than three hundred and fifty *stomata* or breathing pores. And it now begins to be intelligible that, if such an enormous quantity of water can be transferred from earth to air, it may be possible that an atmosphere, which without such aid would be laden with malarious exhalations, may be rendered pure by this process of leaf distillation; the putrescible constituents of the stagnant water are absorbed by the roots, and become part of the vegetable tissue of the tree.

BUT THIS IS NOT ALL.

Like those of the pine, the leaves of all species of eucalyptus secrete large quantities of an aromatic essential oil. It has recently been shown—and the statement has been very impressively put by Mr. Kingzett—that, under the combined action of air and moisture, oils of the turpentine class are rapidly oxidized, and that, as a result of this oxidation, large quantities of peroxide of hydrogen are produced. Now, peroxide of hydrogen is—being itself one of the most potent oxidizers known—a very active disinfectant; and, as the leaves of some species of eucalyptus contain in each one hundred pounds from three to six pounds of essential oil, we can hardly avoid the conclusion that the oxygen-carrying property of the oil is an important element in the malaria-destroying power of the genus. Moreover, the oxidation of the oil is attended by the formation of large quantities of substances analogous in their properties to camphor, and the reputation of camphor as an hygienic agent seems sufficiently well founded to allow us to admit at least the possibility of these bodies playing some part in so beneficent a scheme. Before closing this paper, it may be well to note that the Trappist monks of the Tre Fontane attach much importance to the regular use of

AN INFUSION OF EUCALYPTUS LEAVES

As a daily beverage. The tincture of eucalyptus is said to be useful in intermittent fevers, though of course inferior to quinine. As we threaded the coast line via Civita Vecchia to Leghorn, we could not help being struck by the fact that the precincts of all the railway stations were thickly planted with eucalypts. Since our return I learn with much gratification that the Italian Government have given a grant of land to the Trappists, and have also afforded them the aid of convict labor to a considerable extent for the establishment of a new plantation. And looking back not only at what has been actually accomplished during the past ten years, but to the important fund of information which has been accumulated, one can only look forward hopefully and with encouragement to the future of the eucalyptus in the Roman Campagna.—[H. W. Draper in Chambers' Journal.

ONE DOLLAR EXPENDED Now in purchasing a bottle of Jayne's Expectorant, by those troubled with a slight cough or hoarseness, or sore throat, may save the expense of a doctor's bill. A neglected cough often ends in consumption. A slight inflammation of the lining of the wind-tubes, the usual symptoms of which are sore throat and a pain in the breast, frequently leads to bronchitis. A day's delay may entail months of suffering. Better try at once Jayne's Expectorant, a standard remedy, whose curative properties have been tested and approved by thousands.

They have found another centenarian liar in Philadelphia. She says she once cooked breakfast for George Washington. The trail of the hatchet is over them all.

THE FRENCH.

THE TROUBLE ABOUT TUNIS AND THE FEARS ENTERTAINED IN FRANCE.

A Joke that Wasn't Appreciated—Educational Ideas—A Congress—Concerts—Amusements—Progress.

PARIS, April 24, 1881.

The fife and the drum are still constantly heard in the streets of the French capital as regiments of soldiers, come from the different parts of the country, traverse the city from some railroad depot to the Gare de Lyons, from which the train leaves for the Mediterranean Sea. The Kroumirs seem to no longer occupy the minds of the public, for attention at present is directed to the Bey, and Tunis in general. In the letter which the Bey sent to all the different European powers, and a copy of which was placed before the Minister of Foreign Affairs of France, he said that the French, should they invade Tunisian territory, would be held responsible for consequences over which he could have no control. Which meant that he had been busy exciting the fanatical hatred of his people against the French, and on the appearance of the French army or fleet all Europeans resident at Tunis would experience barbarous treatment at the hands of this most barbarous people. In fact, so great is the apprehension of the European residents at Tunis that many have withdrawn their funds from there and placed them in France or England; others continually write to their different Governments to know what is best to do, and if they should decide on remaining where they are would they look to them for protection. In fact, the news which constantly arrives proves that these nations at Tunis are

IN GREAT DANGER,

Owing to the religious and holy war preached to the Arabian population, and a street battle seems imminent. The different journals state that even though the French and European population be menaced, in five or six hours the French troops could be transported by the railroad in the neighborhood of Tunis, and in 48 hours the French fleet could be at La Goulette. Yet it is hardly to be supposed that the French troops would abandon the Kroumirs to take the train, and it may well be asked what horrors might not take place in the meantime, for the news cannot arrive immediately; the telegraphic wires would be cut, as has just occurred near La Calle, and the harm would be done before assistance could reach the victims. Besides it is foolish to suppose that the fanatical Arabians require more than eight or ten hours, when well armed and sustained by regular troops, to kill, assassinate and slaughter a population without means of defense and composed for the most part of women and children. The Bey himself has recognized the danger, for in all his conversations with the French and foreign agents he has invariably given them to understand that in case of insurrection he would be powerless to repress the movement. How, in fact, would he be expected to repress it when it was he who commenced exciting the Arabs, for he is their chief and accomplice, and it is probable he would urge them to massacre while appearing to disapprove of it, and would, after the thing were done, wash his hands of the responsibility. Individuals who have witnessed an insurrection of Arabs, urge the French Government to

MAKE ALL POSSIBLE HASTE

In sending a fleet to La Goulette and soldiers to the capital of Tunis, for through prompt measures only can the French and other foreign residents there be spared the horrors that inevitably await them. Many insist that it is the only means of finishing with the war at an early day and preventing its becoming an incendiary match for the whole of Europe, for a fleet at the Goulette and soldiers at the capital would have the effect of intimidating the Bey and of frightening the Tunisians, and the Kroumirs perceiving themselves no longer sustained by their allies, would no longer be dangerous; they would feel themselves abandoned, and would resist only for the form, and their defeat would become an easy task. But should a French fleet appear at the Goulette, say some, there would then be an excuse for other nations to send their fleets also to protect their different subjects, and the affair would become inconveniently complicated. As though such would not at any rate occur should the news reach the different Governments that their respective subjects had been massacred by the Arabs, and then it would be too late to protect these unfortunate victims. In fact their case seems to be a desperate one, for their danger is known, and yet no one dares go to their assistance. It was reported yesterday, and even printed in several newspapers, that the French Consul at Tunis had been assassinated, but the report this morning has been contradicted, and it seems his life has only been threatened. It appears the Kroumirs are

ALL ARMED

With Italian rifles, as well are other revolutionary tribes, and they are constantly receiving provisions of ammunition, but from what quarter the French authorities have not yet been able to ascertain. The word "Kroumir" has become at Paris a synonym of everything that is horrible and savage, and only the other day an instance was given of the preoccupation of the mind of the people with this ferocious creature. At the foire du pain d'épire is a negro of large size who passes for a modest giant, and who is on exhibition in one of the numerous little tents which throng the grounds, and which exhibit their treasures for the trifling sum of two sous. This negro had occasion to pass from one tent to another through the crowd, when some one, either from conviction or from devilishness, cried out, "There goes a Kroumir!" Immediately the crowd collected around the tall African, who, hearing the exclamation, accepted the affair as a joke, grinned the whole length of his ivory, and, grasping a little child near him, raised it in the air and made believe to eat it. The child who apparently was not in the play, failed to appreciate the joke and uttered the most unearthly screams, thus attracting a much larger crowd, which, ignorant of the origin of the excitement, supposed the negro was harming the child and sprang upon him, beating him with such rage that when the gardiens de la paix did arrive the unfortunate giant was in such a pitiable condition that they were obliged to carry him to the hospital.

There is a class of amusements at Paris of which the journals give little account, and whose importance seems to be drowned in the interest devoted to the new representations at the theaters and to theatrical performances in general. I have reference to concerts, and although their success or failure is little accounted to the world, I hardly think there is any city in the universe where more concerts take place and simultaneously. Every street of importance possesses its concert hall, with its own peculiar name, and it is easy to believe owns its own special audience, who form as stable a part of it as its cushioned seats. There are some people who adore concerts in preference to theaters, and there are others who seek amusement only at concerts, or conferences, as they are called, although these lectures possesses much less attraction than those given in our country. Such is

THE FORCE OF HABIT

That in these places of amusement the same people may almost always be seen, and as it has often been stated that individuals carry their different professions marked on their faces, so it may be that like tastes produce like expressions, for there is a wonderful family likeness between these habitues of the concert halls. Yet among the vast number of concerts which constantly take place at Paris, no one has ever been known to make any money out of them. This is so well-known that no one ever tries any more, for the French capital is somewhat considered, in an artistic sense, as a school of examination, where, after having passed muster before the most zealous and severe of judges, you are stamped with a certain value which will permit you to claim the attention of the rest of the world. Therefore, all artists of any note in their native country hasten to Paris to receive that stamp, so that the gay capital has had in review all the celebrities of the world. As it is the artist's object to make himself known and concerts find a most damaging rival in theaters, a vast number of invitations are sent to artistic celebrities, who, fatigued with the monotony of the entertainments to which they are constantly invited, usually give these tickets to relatives or friends, for there are always a number of amusement hungry people

FORAGING FOR A CONCERT

Or theater ticket which may permit them to obtain their food gratis. The concert-rooms in consequence are always filled, yet is there no money forthcoming, and as each artist who gives the concert must have other artists to assist him, and these artists have to be paid, so no money may be lost by the affair, a convenient arrangement is arrived at between these different artists. They separately agree to sing or play at the concert of a certain confrere if in turn he will later take part in their concerts, and so on, until in order to have given a complete concert one self he must have performed at ten others. Ladies as a general thing at the present day confine their talents to the piano or to singing, except in Germany where an entire orchestra of ladies is to be found, and which has become world renowned. The other evening I met in a private salon a Venetian lady who plays the flute with the talent of a great artist. Her gentle manners, the sweetness of her voice and the soft, limpid expression of her eyes, peculiar to the women of her country, which seem to have caught the moonlight glimmer on the water surrounding the gondolas, all were in harmony with the sweet, delicate instrument she had chosen as the medium of expression of her divine inspirations. La Signora Bianchini had met with great success throughout Germany and Austria after having left her native land, and came to Paris expecting to gather as great a harvest of louis d'or; but, although she has performed in perhaps ten concerts, and after gave a concert of her own, in which those indebted to her took part, she was unable to realize anything, and is about to take her departure for London, to endeavor there to retrieve her poor fortune. But artists, if unfortunate with their concerts, find means of making money by performing in fashionable *salons*, where they are, as a general thing, magnificently remunerated for their trouble, and no *soiree* is considered complete unless artists of more or less note are present to charm the guests, and as a matter of course the more distinguished the artists the greater the expense incurred by the host, and the more elegant the entertainment. Even among the *petits bourgeois* whose purses may not permit them the luxury of paying professional singers, their evening's entertainment is considered unsuccessful unless some amateurs of more or less talent edify the guests through their artistic efforts. In fact any one in Paris who is gifted with musical talent is never in need of friends, or I should say of social entertainment, for his society is constantly demanded by all those who may be acquainted with him.

EDUCATION.

The French Republic is paying marked attention to the education of the masses, and the higher education of the women is not a subject of the least importance. Mr. Jules Simon has been an eloquent advocate in favor of the women, inspired, it is said, by his wife, who was formerly a school teacher. I remember at the time of the last grand exposition at Paris of seeing her in the American educational department fingering all the ponderous books and having explained to her the different methods of instruction so successfully followed in that land of liberty. I remarked, however, that in the ideas proposed by Mr. Jules Simon before the Senate he neglected to mention the source of so much wise information. The most eloquent advocate of the higher education of women in France has been Mr. A. Say, the brother of Mr. Leon Say, the President of the Senate. He has spent most all of his senatorial career in passing a bill for the establishment of High and normal schools for girls. As incredible as it may seem, the clerical party of the Senate cried out against the proposition with holy horror, and accused the Republicans of wishing to send the women of their country to the devil by giving them too much learning, as though the want of learning and their religious instruction had so far placed them beyond the reach of the devil. The bill, after the most furious opposition, was at last passed, and normal schools are being established throughout the country. Heretofore, a young girl in finishing her education in France, was as far advanced as those of our grammar schools, and when she had passed her examination at the Hotel de Ville, examinations conducted by the Government, she was provided with a certificate to teach, and considered as accomplished as any woman had a right to be, although with us she would have been only prepared to enter the high school with her head crowded with religious history and devoid of much practical science. All this is now to be changed, and the French woman is to be as well educated as those of Russia, America and elsewhere. There is a society called the "Ligue Francaise de l'Enseignement," composed, of course, of all the professors of the land and distinguished savants of the country.

A CONGRESS

Was recently held at Paris composed of delegates of all the educational societies of France, and a grand meeting was held in the Trocadero, *salle de fete*, presided by Mr. Gambetta, who made one of the most eloquent speeches on education it has been any one's good fortune to listen to. Mr. Jules Ferry, the Minister of Public Instruction, invited the delegates to attend the Theatre Francais, and engaged some five hundred seats for them. On that evening a comedy of Alexandre Dumas *fils* was to have been played, but as it was not considered sufficiently instructive or dignified for so august a body, the Minister had the programme changed and "Les Femmes Savantes" of Moliere was given instead. Even that choice could scarcely be considered appropriate since therein Moliere ridicules the idea of a woman's being educated beyond the pot-and-pan, which in those days and at that particular time he was justified in doing, but such ideas can scarcely be considered the creed of these distinguished delegates at the present day.

REFORM.

Progress, armed with an all-powerful hatchet, goes banging down old streets, creating wide avenues through which the air may freely circulate and the rays of the sun penetrate, but there are some who look on this performance with no friendly eye, for under these blows tumble down old houses endeared through souvenirs to all the old inhabitants. It is said that Victor Hugo morally weeps each time he sees some building of historic date ruthlessly torn from its foundation by profane hands. The street called L'Homme Arme (the armed man) is in process of destruction, and only a very small end remains to-day. It was in that street Victor Hugo lodged Jean Valjean, the famous hero of "Les Miserables." The name of the street owes its origin to the fact that a hotel in that street had for its sign an armed man. For a long time in the past the names of the streets were left to the caprice of their different inhabitants. This old narrow street was once inhabited by Jacques Coeur, the famous steward of King Charles VII., whose superb hotel was afterwards bought by the Cardinal de la Balue, and the custom was continued until the last century, of stretching great iron chains across the two ends of the street.

The President of the Republic, Mr. Jules Grevy, according to the custom of the French Government, has sent to General Woronzoff, the Embassador of the Czar of Russia, to the different sovereigns to inform them of his ascent to the throne, two magnificent Sevres vases as a souvenir of his mission. Really that is getting too many good things at a time. VAL.

SANTA BARBARA.

Something about the Poetry and Charm of the Quaint Old Place.

Will the RECORD UNION readers listen to a few words about Santa Barbara? Quaint little Santa Barbara, whose very name falls soft and musical from the lips; named, too, after a woman famed amongst her people as one of highest excellencies; you remind me of the wild violet modestly holding up her delicate head in the shadow of something greater; you sit in a horse-shoe shaped hollow with the coast range of hills abruptly sloping to the beach, and the grand old Pacific coming to your feet offering you communication with the great world beyond. Far beyond the scope of the eye the Santa Ynez mountains heave in sight, forming a back ground, cupping around your site until they reach the ocean, and thus you are framed in mountains covered with brown and green, whose sloping sides are being utilized for vineyards. Protected from the chills of eastern snow-capped mountains, you are typical of the

"PEACE BEYOND THE GRAVE."

No snow, no winds, no fierce elements penetrate into your luxurious sun-beaming covert. The rains necessary for vegetation are without severity and are of short duration; and yet why are you without the hum of machinery and the bustle arising from commercial and financial interests? Yes! I hear it. You are looking and hoping for a railroad connection that will not by extortion rob you of that vitality and impulse necessary to excite the energies of your people.

About one hundred years ago a few Spanish priests reached this shore. In rendering thanks to Almighty God for their safety and preservation, they bestowed the name of Santa Barbara upon this little wilderness in honor of Saint Barbara, patron saint of that day, December 4th. Through missionary efforts with the native Indians many were converted to the Roman Catholic belief; the Spanish Mexicans added to the human element and strength of numbers were yearly added to the place. Under the fostering care of the missionaries civilization and agriculture slowly advanced, and under able guidance

SOME WONDERFUL THINGS

Were accomplished that will long stand illustrative of the old axiom, "Whatever is worth doing is worthy of being well done." Future generations cannot but admire the courage and Christian influence exerted over wild and unmanagable races, by men devoting themselves to what they conscientiously believed to be their duty. On a large tract of land situated on the foothills of the Santa Ynez mountains, stands the "Old Indian and Spanish Mission Church," built of adobe. Here were planted grapes and corn. The former grew luxuriantly, and have perpetuated a species of vine known all over the coast as the "Mission grape." They are sweet, large and nourishing, with immense bunches of fruit, often weighing seven pounds to the bunch, and even nine and thirteen pounds are not unusual. Who dare say that heaven was not smiling upon this little band in opening up the rich resources of the soil? With the Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz and San Miguel islands in the channel serving as breakers of anything deleterious from the ocean, this charming and evenly-temperatured valley is considered a valuable resort by invalids seeking a place for recuperation. Three hundred and forty days out of three hundred and sixty-five of the year, some portion of the day can be spent in the open air. When one can become sufficiently educated not to wonder what to morrow will (atmospherically) bring forth, they are on

THE HIGH ROAD TO PEACE

And enjoyment. But few picnics or visits are spoiled by rain. Divested of fear invitations can be accepted and plans laid without interference by the clerk of the weather. True, fogs may hide the sun and create a damp chilliness, but by noon they are usually dispersed. Talking about fogs, ordinarily they are not ornamental; but come with me, look out on the mountains at the rising sun dispersing and tinting the fog clouds, silver mixed with amethystine hues, every moment changing from light to deep and intermediate shadows, a wonderful kaleidoscopic view as the sun climbs up from the east, entrancing the eye and brain; see the mountain's peak beyond peak thrusting themselves into view, with their perpendicular sides of sand cuts and verdure four thousand feet high; as the sun continues to rise they seem to approach you; that which a few moments ago seemed miles on miles away, you might fancy could be reached in thirty minutes ride; but how are you mistaken; some of them are inaccessable, and to reach them there are difficulties of working over broken cliffs and bowlders and through canyons, irregular, rocky, deep and often dangerous.

BEYOND THE NORTH

Santa Ynez valley, is a good quicksilver mine, which at one time filled the hearts of some enthusiasts with high expectations, but it emptied their pocket-books. The expense of carrying provisions and necessary working apparatus, also a fall in the price of quicksilver at that time caused a suspension of work. That this unexplored region abounds in rich ores and petroleum is not disputed, and if the Government grants the anticipated geological survey in the interests of petroleum some surprising statements are expected. Petroleum is so abundant that it is discernible not only on the water but to the olfactory nerves when on the steamer passing Moore's Landing. When the long-talked of railroad becomes a practical thing capitalists will find the region about Santa Barbara a point of decided interest. In following the trail on horse-back to the quicksilver mine some very romantic caves can be visited, and at one stream some fine specimens of onyx are found. Another place has an incline declivity, and if you wish to reach the canyon below imagine yourself again a child, and the slide to be the old-fashioned cellar door; rein your horse or mule to a half-sitting posture—one, two, three and away, and down you slide, and reaching the bottom you pick yourself up to commence whistling, "Oh! would I wrre a boy again." NORFOLK.

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